TAINE'S FRANCE.

THE INFLUENCE OF NAPOLEON IN RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

THE MODERN REGIME. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Oxon. Translated by John Durand. Vol. II. Pp. xix, 297. Henry Holt & Co.

Whoever has observed minutely the web of the geometrical spider has at hand a convenient simile in describing Taine's notion of modern French history. It is a bright summer morning and the spider's web glitters with dewdrops as if bespangled with gems. The concentric polygons are easily inspected, and even more marked are the strong lines which, converging from exterior points of attachment, sustain the wonderful weaver at the centre. The weaver at the centre of the web of French history, as Taine understands it, is Napoleon. It was the first emperor who readjusted all the interests of France in geometrical order around himself. So definite, too, are the forces of nature that the interests of a preceding age can be seen falling into their concentric place with reference to the coming man. If it be said that the web is of the historian's workmanship, and that he himself should rightfully be found at the focus of it, his answer would certainly be that he has only pictured things as he found them, that his books are not the original web, but merely an elaborate effort to delineate it. The divisions of this centralized theme in the present volume are those pertaining to religion and education. Though complete in themselves, they do not fill the author's plan, which, in one form or another, contemplated, in addition to the survey of French society in its parts, a study of it as a whole animated by a new transforming idea—that of positive science. Under the influence of this idea men are creating for themselves a new environment which must in turn change irrevocably the character of coming generations. He looked upon this process as similar to those which fitted life in the past for the transition from one geological period to another, though doubtless with a narrower time limit to its action. But he certainly would deem the changes that he saw more sweeping and more vital than others would consider them. For Taine really never recovered from a mechanical estimate of the modifications in human life that was in its intensity like the old-fashioned catastrophic theories in geology. This is a natural result of dealing with periods as contrasted with the general history of mankind. It is illustrated by that belief of Renan's that humanity came to full self-consciousness in the French Revolution. This will not seem to be the case to the historians writing in the far future. They will see in the turmoil of Europe at the close of the eighteenth century something differing in degree but not in kind from other violent changes of the past. The gradual widening of the area of civilization may also give them that to write of beside which every event of the past will seem insignificant. But from the point of view of the present age, nothing could be more just than the comparison, attributed by Mr. Durand to Taine, of the transition from the Ancient to the Modern Régime and that from the ancient city-state to Roman imperialism, or from imperialism to the feudal system. To a future historian it may seem that the clearest notion of the true nature of the change was that of Napoleon himself, not expressed in so many words, but suggested in his remark that he was not a successor to Louis XIV, but to Charlemagne. For both Charlemagne and Napoleon seem to stand, each in his own place, apart from the order out of which they sprang and the order which they created. What pass as their creations were not intended in either case; they hoped for one thing, but destiny preferred another.

Looking at the matter in this way it is easy to grasp Taine's view of Napoleon's relation to what happened after, both in religion and education. Napoleon shared a feeling common in his time that religion was merely a necessity of human life, not a divine factor in it. He was therefore at liberty, as far as conscience was concerned, to deal with it in a variety of ways. He chose the method most agreeable to a mind which contemplated the world as subordinate to a single will, and that will his own. But he might have done as Louis XIV did, looked at the whole affair from the point of personal dignity. He seems not to have done that. He had formed his conception of the State on lines natural to a military genius, who was also a plain man of business. In this State, for good or ill, religion was a part; it must therefore be made subject to the State, and particularly to him, in whom the State was embodied. But if religion is to be an instrument and not the superior of the State, it were well that it should take only recognized forms. "I am nothing," said Napoleon. "In Egypt I was a Mussulman, here I shall be a Catholic, for the good of the people." By one device or another man could be kept satisfied with a few predominant systems. In fact, Napoleon meant that people should be content with one of a few systems. These were such as had definite forms of belief. He was against all vagueness in the expression of religious, as well as all other kind of thought. To the assertion that all religious systems involved marvellous notions, he would have replied that at all events it was desirable to prevent the creation haphazard of new forms stranger than those already in existence. The supernatural had been rendered definite and precise by those systems which had long been in existence. It was better to accept it from them than at the hands of every adventurer and charlatan who came along, and so he exclaimed: "I do not want a dominant religion, nor the establishment of new ones. The Catholic, Reformed and Lutheran systems established by the Concordat are sufficient." Fixed and definite beliefs capable of being stated in precise words and thenceforward unchangeable were indispensable to a religion favored by Napoleon. Not merely his own mental constitution would lead him to this, but also the exigencies of the State as he conceived it—a state which had too much else in hand to be vexed as governments in the past had been by religious controversy. Substantially, then, Napoleon, as autocrat, said: "We have all the religions that we need and those we have shall hereafter forever be taught on the lines now deemed correct."

This was an ideal conservatism. There is no need of telling how it has since weakened religion. Less intentionally, but with equal effectiveness, Napoleon conserved the power of the Pope. If we would understand in brief Taine's long exposition of this absorbing question, we must picture to ourselves the appropriation by Napoleon to his own purpose of a complicated mechanism, the true relations of which had been in dispute for ages. Was the Church above the State? Was the hierarchy bound in any way to a temporal ruler? The queries are innumerable that could be remembered on the spur of the moment. To all, Napoleon's response was that the State in the person of its chief must be supreme. It was the Emperor's right to choose bishops. They must be obedient to him and their subordinates must be approved by him. Every check on his authority must be swept away. As the bishops were necessarily responsible to him, the safeguards which time had raised against their authority were removed, and when the Empire went down, the bishops stood up stronger than they had been in hundreds of years. To the Pope Napoleon had put the demand for the same power over the Church as a whole which Charlemagne had wielded. The alternative was that he would, in case of refusal, put the Church back where she stood in relation to Europe when Charlemagne befriended her. He saw and commented on the fact that everywhere outside of Catholic countries the State dominated over religion. The condition of affairs was exactly such as Napoleon would have chosen. There were fifty emigré bishops who were charged with accepting British gold. The people were against them and so were the clergy. In return for declaring the Catholic religion that of the French people, Napoleon as First Consul obtained the substantial reward of dethroning all these bishops and putting others in their places whom he himself had nominated and whom the Pope consecrated. The new bishops appointed as curés men whom Napoleon approved; and recalcitrant priests were sent out of the country. As long as Napoleon could govern with his own strong hand, he could say that the Pope was his vassal. But as soon as his hold on Europe relaxed, the Papacy rose again, serene as ever and more powerful than it was before. Napoleon himself had contributed to this result. As he had removed the checks on the bishops, so he had practically relieved the Pope of some permanent disabilities for the sake of putting upon him constraints that proved to be only temporary. The agreement by which the Pope was made to depose the survivors of the old French episcopacy brought down to solid ground the "ultramontane theory, contested up to this time, maintained in the speculative region of abstract formulae." The Pope once having acted directly and without question as universal bishop could not cease to be so. He had "deprived all the chieftains of a great church of their thrones, 'his colleagues and co-bishops,' successors of the Apostles under the same title as himself, members 'of the same order' and stamped with the same character." He had appointed successors for them and he assigned to these new bishops "dioceses of a new pattern." Thus "an indestructible precedent was set up; it was the great cornerstone in the support of the modern Church edifice; on this definitive foundation all other stones were to be superposed one by one." It is pointed out by Taine that what the Pope had done for Napoleon he did in turn for the Bourbons in deposing Napoleon's uncle, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons. In the disorders that kept occurring all over the world—in South America, for example, when the colonies became independent—wherever the new ideas of local self-government replaced the ancient ideas of a sovereign temporal power, the Pope acted for himself. "In this way," says the author, "all the great existing churches of the Catholic universe are the work of the Pope, his latest work, his own creation attested by a positive act of contiguous date, and of which the souvenir is vivid; he has not recognized them, he has made them; he has given them their external form and their internal structure; no one of them can look within itself without finding in its laws the fresh imprint of the hand that fashioned it; none of them can assert or even believe itself legitimate without declaring the superior power to be legitimate which has just endowed it with life and being." And he adds in effect that the legitimate result of all this was first the decree by the Pope, without the concurrence of the bishops, of a dogma—the immaculate conception of the Virgin—and, secondly, the declaration of his own infallibility. Nothing could have been further from the anticipations of a military expert and an irreligious statesman like Napoleon. In France the result has been to decrease the influence of the Church over the people as a body, but to strengthen and intensify its power over those who remain devout. In the eighteenth century the adult population of a parish was equivalent to the number of communicants. In Paris now out of 2,000,000 Catholics about one hundred thousand perform the strict duty laid upon them by their religion. "Inward Christianity, through the double effect of its Catholic and its French envelope, has grown warmer in the cloister and cooler in society, and it is in society that its heat is essential."

The process of evolution has been in a general way the same in education. Accepting the Jacobin doctrine of the absolute right of the State over the training of the people, Napoleon interpreted it to fit his own specific purposes. He sought to mould the youth of the nation according to a formula fixed in his own mind. His plan was to invest the State which he impersonated with a monopoly of education. The popular protest against this iron system, which was presented in the rapid rise of innumerable private schools, was gradually but decisively repressed. The mechanism which he created was intended to make him the sole educator of his Empire. He would extend the monastic principles of celibacy and life in common to teachers. He would exact military obedience; indeed, the system worked for the making of soldiers. The young were never for one moment to be left to themselves. Thus, as was asserted in the decree of November 15, 1811, "everything that can be effected by religious discipline is obtained, and better, perhaps, in France, than in any other country." Taine adds the comment that "if on leaving the lycée young people have lost a will of their own, they have acquired 'a love of and habits of subordination and punctuality' which are elsewhere wanting." In every grade of school life, and again over the Institute, over authors, over newspapers, over the drama, indeed over all means by which people were taught, the supervision was as minute as it was remorseless. Whether one agrees with Taine or not, one can hardly help admiring this summary of Napoleon's aims and achievements:

> Truly his strategy is admirable, lately against Catholic ideas and now against the laic mind. First of all, he has extended, selected and defined his field of operations, and here is his objective point fixed by himself: "On public affairs which are my affairs in political, social and moral matters, on history, and especially on actual history, recent and modern, nobody of the present generation is to give any thought but myself, and in the next generation everybody will follow my example." With this objective point in view he has assigned to himself the monopoly of education; he has introduced military discipline and habits and the military spirit into all the public and private educational establishments for secondary instruction; he has reduced and subjected the ecclesiastical superintendence of primary education to the minimum; he has removed the last vestige of local, encyclopaedic and autonomous universities and substituted for these special and professional schools; he has rendered veritable superior instruction abortive and stifled all spontaneous and disinterested curiosity in youth. Meanwhile ascending to the source of laic intelligence, he has fastened himself on the Institute. He has effected the necessary amputations, appropriated the credit to himself and imposed his favor or disfavor on the masters of science and literature; then, descending from the source to the canals, constructing dams, arranging channels, applying his constraints and impulsions, he has subjected science and literature to his police, to his censorship and to his control of publishing and printing; he has taken possession of all the publicities—theatre, newspaper, book, pulpit, and tribune; he has organized all these into one vast manufactory which he watches over and directs, a factory of public spirit which works unceasingly and in his hands to the glorification of his system, reign and person. Again here, he is found equal and like himself, a stern conqueror making the most of his conquest to the last extreme, a calculator as minute as he is profound, as ingenious as he is consequent, incomparable in adapting means to ends, unscrupulous in carrying them out, fully satisfied that, through the constant physical pressure of universal and crushing dread, all resistance would be overcome, maintaining and prolonging the struggle with colossal forces, but against a historic and natural force lying beyond his grasp, lately against belief founded on religious instinct and on tradition, and now against evidence engendered by realities and by the agency of the testing process, to falsify things, to disfigure the reality, to deny the evidence, to lie daily and each day more outrageously, to accumulate glaring acts so as to impose silence, to arouse by this silence and by these lies the attention and perspicacity of the public, to transform almost mute whispers into sounding words and insufficient eulogies into open protestations; in short, weakened by his own success and condemned beforehand to succumb under his victories, to disappear after a short triumph, to leave intact and erect an indestructible rival whom he would like to crush as an adversary, but turn to account as an instrument.

Napoleon displayed his usual foresight when he said that those who followed him would imitate his example. Later monarchs found his system an almost perfect one for their purposes. Nor does Taine commend the methods of the Republic. He is a partisan against interference of the State in the schools, and he finds as the end of it all a "growing disparity between education and life." There is too much, he thinks, that is artificial and mechanical in the system; it is unnatural, anti-social, and it leaves till too late a thorough knowledge of the real world which the youth must enter. The picture as he drew it is a gloomy one. We may be sure that it has other aspects. An excellent preface by Mr. Durand connects the volume with those that preceded it and indicates what the author would have done for the completion of his theme had he lived. The translation is vigorous, natural and eloquent.

MINOR POETRY.

WITH SOME MAJOR REPRINTS.

These be the days of the minor poets, and in too many cases the opportunities of these songsters are greater than their performances. Mr. Norman Gale, for example, is trying a dangerous experiment in keeping up so long his premeditated artlessness. His robins are wiser than they need be; one begins to have suspicions as to the flesh and blood of his dairy cattle; and his "pinky maids" and cherry lips and lavender and lawn and ribbons now and then smack of the limelight. How fresh and fragrant and carelessly musical seemed his first little outbursts of bucolic simplicity! But the country muse should remain an elusive sweetheart; when taken to wife she is apt to become a little prosaic and tiresome. Freckles do not seem beautiful when continually obtruded upon one's attention; and even buttermilk may pall. We confess that the book of "Orchard Songs" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has been to us a source of some weariness; that we find it in many places affected, and in many other places simply silly; and that we do not think the frankness of Mr. Gale's rustic, when displayed in domestic detail, is really poetic. Nevertheless, let us say in dismissing this beautifully made little volume that a few of its strains are as sweetly true as the song of the lark itself.

Robert Bridges is primarily a lyrist. He has never done anything better than his "Epithalamium," or than any one of several songs in his latest publication, "The Humours of the Court, and Other Poems" (Macmillan & Co.). But it is the comedy which fills two-thirds of this volume that makes the latter more than ordinarily welcome, and brings Mr. Bridges into the foreground of a survey of recent verse. He shines in this work, not brilliantly, perhaps, but certainly with clearness. It is a pleasure to read "The Humours of the Court." It would undoubtedly be a pleasure to see it on the stage, for its action is consistently and skilfully developed, and the symmetrical movement of the play is based, moreover, on interesting elements of character, aptly delineated. Mr. Bridges observes that he owes his plot to Calderon, and has borrowed a scene also from Lope. This is to say that the mere framework of his design was derived from an old story which both the Spanish dramatists had handled. He has filled out this framework and made it his own, after the fashion of many other poets of an older date, whose names it would be possibly unfair to Mr. Bridges to recall. Yet he can stand a severe comparison. It is one proof of the poetic quality of "The Humours of the Court" that it has its effect in spite of a deficiency in style. Contrasted with the musical and subtly colored lines of his lyrics, the language of his comedy leaves Mr. Bridges at times almost prosaic. Yet his spirit remains the spirit of a poet, and in his care to preserve his dialogue from anything like theatricality or rhetorical luxuriance it may be that there is revealed nothing more than the impersonal, fastidious, critical instinct which governs the production of all his work. If Mr. Bridges is reckoned among the minor poets of the day, as he commonly has been, it is not because of immaturity in his work. He is one of the worthiest followers of Matthew Arnold, in that he strives unceasingly for lucidity, poise and equability. His poems have a serenity and a fineness of workmanship which lift them far above the average level of contemporary verse, and lend to the nature-worship which they frequently illustrate a sweetness more classic than Wordsworthian. Though his plane is not so lofty as to be dizzy, though he has a touch of deliberate, almost cold feeling, he moves the reader as by a genuinely poetic impulse.

Another young poet who feels the modern hankering for the dramatic form is the Irishman W. B. Yeats. In the little book entitled "The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics" (Roberts Brothers), he proves what is at least his present inability to deal successfully with that mode of expression. He shows also a rare gift for the little lyric, the winsome darling of literature. Most musical, most melancholy, are his numbers. "When you are old," he sings, in soft undertone—

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true?
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sad, "From us fled Love,
He paced upon the mountains far above,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars."

A figure in Mr. Hamlin Garland's own primitively Western and outspoken manner may not inappropriately be employed in referring to his "Prairie Songs" (Stone & Kimball). There is nothing rhythmic in them. They have the uneasy gait of the old "prairie schooner," a vehicle in which Mr. Garland probably sees more poetry than in any of the trim chariots of kid-glove civilization, so ingrained is his devotion to the raw material of the West. There is a certain poetry in it, of course, and there is poetry in all the pictures of toil and patient courage upon which the eye of the traveller in the far West rests. There is poetry, above all, in the boundless horizons of the prairies. Mr. Garland, however, is not the man to capture it and crystallize it in poetic moulds. His verse is his prose, cut up into lengths which are sometimes even and sometimes not. His prose, in his novels and short stories has the merit of laying bare the elemental lines in a scene or a situation. It is realistic and effective. It has not the tinge of poetical imagination, and to read it under the disguise of verse is not in the least a holiday task. Mr. Garland seems to utterly misunderstand the mission of the writer. If he gives the rough quartz of life he fancies he is giving the substance of literature. But the substance of literature is so indissolubly connected with the refining elements of the latter that to imagine one without the other is to imagine a vain thing. Mr. Garland does nothing to transfigure his strong types, does nothing to give his spacious vistas a flash of magical light. He does not wish to illuminate his subject. He argues that the subject has an inherent impressiveness that makes the man or the group self-illuminative. This is ingenious pleading, and it is partially justifiable, but no subject, however poetic in essence, ever spoke for itself. It requires the poet's touch to liberate the hidden fire. Mr. Garland is no poet. The unaffected sentiment which gives positive life-blood to Mrs. Piatt's "An Enchanted Castle and Other Poems" (Longmans, Green & Co.) would be far less potent if the sub-title of the book, "Pictures, Portraits and People in Ireland," were not fully justified. These verses are beyond cavil "pictures" and "portraits." If the pathos of a scene like that celebrated in the poem of farewell, "On the Pier at Queenstown," is really penetrating, it is because with the deftest and simplest touches all the essential details are vividly presented. The motive is realistic. The treatment, through its tacit reliance upon the force of unexpressed tenderness, is poetic to the point of ideality, though neither fancy nor imagination would seem to have been involved to any extent. That Mrs. Piatt is content with vignettes is one of the things for which she is to be most cordially praised. She is never disposed to exceed the limits of the modest frame which the humble nature of her subject, as a rule, demands; and even in her poems of strange day-dreams, like "A Call on Sir Walter Raleigh," "A Portrait at Youghal," or "An Enchanted Castle," she pauses on a well-balanced climax. All her verses are carefully turned, and tactful as to details. They might be studied with profit by her husband, Mr. John James Piatt, who in two new volumes, "Little New-World Idyls" and "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley" (Longmans, Green & Co.), aims at portraying in metrical form American landscape and episodes in Western American life. Up to a certain point he is moderately successful, as in former volumes, because he too is observant, and draws his pictures with fidelity. But he attempts too much. In the long, semi-elegiac narrative which opens the volume dedicated to the Ohio Valley, a piece called "The Pioneer's Chimney," he refers to a graveyard where

. . . A few half-sinking stones,—
A stranger's eyes would hardly see them,—show
Seventy rods yonder in the higher ground.

That is not poetry. It is a memorandum for the guidance of a surveyor. Mr. Piatt too often writes in a vein of enumeration, and therefore the true lyric energy is absent from his pages. There are left fragments of fluent, sympathetic description, as in "The Blackberry Farm," which save him from becoming evenly literal. Simplicity is desirable, but baldness is futile unless allied to dignity and power.

It is not sufficient to present the mere well-worn symbol of a fact, as Mr. Piatt presents it in the extract quoted above. To be poetic the phrase must be, if not imaginative, at least verbally felicitous. Polished diction, which belongs to a great poet by natural right, will sometimes yield a charm to a less gifted writer if cultivated with taste and feeling. One of the most conspicuous of minor English poets confirms this. In the new, rearranged edition of "The Poems of William Watson" (Macmillan & Co.) there are no lines which a second reading discovers to be of any greater depth or to have any warmer passion than were apprehended in the earlier publication. But neither have any of Mr. Watson's wisely chosen tints faded. In his best work, in his address to Autumn, or in his elegies, the choice of words is still to be admired. Mr. Bliss Carman, one of those who, like Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Piatt, are keen of vision and accomplished of hand in depicting what they see, is in no respect more pleasing than in his cadenced, fluid style. Here and there in his "Low Tide on Grand Pré" (C. L. Webster & Co.) there are signs of too strenuous workmanship, as though the file had been used excessively in assisting the phrase to fall gently on the ear. Mr. Carman is pensive, even sad, and he reverts more often to the solemnity than to the joyousness of nature. In whatever mood he writes his sensitiveness, his love of the wind and sky are unfailing. Confining himself to a subdued, thoughtful key, he carries a quiet sense of harmony and beauty which awakens very agreeable sensations. A quick response to the appeal of beauty is what animates Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's verse; and though his book, called "The Great Remembrance and Other Poems" (The Century Company), takes the first clause of its title from a commemorative address read before a military society, the highest point reached is in short lyric pieces prompted by some experience in the sphere of art. Duse, Paderewski, Rubinstein, a monument by St. Gaudens, "The White City," such themes as these touch Mr. Gilder's imagination and excite his emotions. He is never more spontaneous or more flowing than in the farewell to "The Vanishing City," a tribute to the architectural pageant at Chicago, which has a sincerity uncommon in occasional verse. It is sophisticated verse, but the sophistication is that of an artistic temperament—a distinction which is to be made also in weighing the merits of Miss A. Mary F. Robinson in her "Retrospect and Other Poems" (Roberts Brothers). She chooses significantly for a frontispiece to her little volume a reproduction of one of the divisions in Gozzoli's decoration for the Riccardi Chapel. The selection of this painting as an illustration to the ballad of "The Three Kings" must have been dictated by an artistic, nay, by what is better described as an aesthetic bias. Gozzoli, one of the realists of the Renaissance, has exactly the rarity and preciousness which inspire the minor poet of diversified culture and highly wrought craftsmanship. The author of this volume is artificial, impassioned in the yearning tone of Rossetti—without having any of Rossetti's gifts. Her ballads are never stirring, nor is there a free lilt to any of her lyrics. Beneath every poem lurks the blight of a morbid atmosphere, morbid because it is due not to sentiment but to sentimentality. At the same time an impartial sympathy will admit throughout the book the existence of an artistic taste, an artistic interest, which have insured a kind of picturesqueness to the forms and phrases used. A similar interest, a similar taste, underlie the "Love Letters of a Violinist and Other Poems" (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), which Mr. Eric Mackay brings out in a new and revised edition. He shows his art in sustaining the interest through a series of poems which would threaten to grow wearisome otherwise, in its persistent introspection and great length. There is a modicum of passion, too, in Mr. Mackay's poetry, which keeps it in some sort alive.

The tone of Mrs. Sangster's poems in her volume called "On the Road Home" (Harper & Brothers) is entirely artless. Free alike from defects of form and from any finical conceits of technique, the book is compacted of simple, stimulating thoughts, set in measures which we can imagine as getting themselves widely remembered among readers who enjoy an elevating suggestion given them unassumingly and with a hint of grace. They are tuneful verses, discovering the poetry in every-day life, in childhood, and in the holiday seasons; and they have a sweetness which is Mrs. Sangster's most individual characteristic. More than one American poet is in agreement with her in resting satisfied to touch the sympathies on familiar, even homely grounds, in making no pretence of going beyond certain narrow and clearly perceived limitations. The Rev. Dr. Hale, in "For Fifty Years" (Roberts Brothers), gathers together ballads, college verses, war songs and birthday epistles, which offer in well-selected forms inspiriting sentiments of patriotism and friendship. Mrs. May Riley Smith's "Sometime and Other Poems" (A. D. F. Randolph) is an unpretentious little book of rhymes, imbued with religious fervor and domestic affection. Mr. Charles H. Crandall, in his "Wayside Music" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is more ambitious, yet he also deals with topics close at hand in the scenes and actions of daily life, and clothes his muse in homespun as well as in gossamer. There is a true feeling for the phenomena of nature reflected in the "Sylvan Lyrics" (F. A. Stokes Company) of Mr. William Hamilton Hayne; and there are some musical passages in "A Roadside Harp" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Miss Guiney's new book. We would be glad to speak more unreservedly of the latter, but there is too frequent affectation in its author's phraseology. She repels instead of conciliating when she talks of "the beacon's cliffy seat," of the breath of roses exhaling "with a delicate, passionate sound," and the easy movement which is felt in some of the stanzas of "A Footnote to a Famous Lyric," or in the song for Christmas, "Tryste Noel," is discerned scarcely anywhere else in the volume. We do not find in this the fulfilment of the promise in her first book. Mr. Madison Cawein has made his "Poems of Nature and Love" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) out of selections from two of his earlier volumes, exercising great care in the choice of what he considers his best work. There is so much that is good in this book that it seems ungracious to take exception to the author's judgment. It may as well be said frankly, however, that it would have been better to have excluded most of the poems of love and to have adhered to the poems of nature alone. Writing of love and remote romance, Mr. Cawein is plausible but commonplace. His sentiment is true only when he finds it in the vernacular. His "Phyllis" is good. His "Carmen" is thin and disappointing. Best of all are his songs of summer, trees and flowers. The woods and rivers give up some of their secrets to him, and he passes them on to his readers in very fair verse. "Count Julian: A Spanish Tragedy" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Mr. Julian Sturgis, is a piece of old-fashioned fustian. It is freely adorned with the customary hall marks of the second-rate melodrama. "What ho!" "Away!" "'Sblood" "By the Mass!" and "By Hercules might!" are the expressions bandied right and left by a parcel of shadows with Spanish names. Further comment is needless.

Among recent reprints there are some volumes which urge themselves winningly upon the attention. Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" has been given a form by Macmillan & Co. which must gratify students of Elizabethan literature and lovers of Lamb's criticism thereon. The book is published in two small volumes in the exquisite Temple Library. It is opened by an interesting preface by Mr. Israel Gollancz, who has also collated the text throughout, revised the chronology, corrected typographical errors, incorporated some accepted emendations, and restored the collection of facetious and serious "Fragments" from the Garrick plays which some late editions have failed to include. This edition is thrice welcome. The inspiration in the anthology is perennial, and would be preserved in any reprint, but there is what Lamb himself would have called a decorum in printing his extracts and his priceless annotations on the best of paper, with the best of presswork. The volumes come, too, very appropriately just now, when such light-weight critics as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Watson can venture to set up in opposition to Lamb's judgment a new and adverse estimate of one of his favorite poets, Webster. There has been a rather marked reaction in current criticism against Lamb's verdict on this dramatist; there has been a tendency to decry the latter, to say that he was melodramatic, and that his passion was forced and hysterical. His accumulated horrors sicken the taste of hyperdelicate dilettanti. In the face of their dyspeptic twaddle, it is good to renew acquaintance with Lamb's note on the death of the Duchess of Malfy, and with that on the court scene in "The White Devil." His divination of the beauty and power in the latter splendid moment of dramatic inspiration is only one of innumerable instances which come back to the memory as these pages are turned. The old English playwrights hold the keys to a land of enchantment, no matter where you find them. To explore their works in Lamb's company is a privilege which it is impossible to value too highly, and in the handy volume now under review there is an added luxury in the experience. Another excellent reprint is the first of three volumes to be devoted to Ben Jonson in the Mermaid Series of unexpurgated editions of the old dramatists, a series of octavo volumes brought out in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. The present issue is edited by Brinsley Nicholson, and has a long, closely written and adequate introduction in the shape of an essay on Jonson by C. H. Herford. It contains "Every Man in His Humour," "Every Man Out of His Humour," and "The Poetaster," three of the most fascinating of Jonson's plays. They are fascinating because they possess fiery force and humor that is still racy. Jonson's touch is one of nervous comedy. There is no hesitancy in his dialogue. He goes to the point with a robust energy that is captivating in these enervated days.

In the Muses Library, bearing the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons, the latest publication to appear is an edition in two stout little volumes of "The Poems of William Browne, of Tavistock." They are edited by Mr. Gordon Goodwin, and Mr. Bullen provides a short preface. Browne's poetry is a curious survival. He was, in the first place, altogether too copious. Compare him with Herrick or with Crashaw, and he is seen to be leagues behind them in concentration of lyric felicity. The jewel-like conceits of his time gleam with less translucency in his eclogues than in the songs of his strongest contemporaries. But Browne has one abiding beauty that keeps his work fresh and makes it readable in snatches at least. It is pastoral to the very heart of it. There is an actual echo in his pages of

The lark which many morns herself makes merry
With the shrill chanting of her teery-lerry.

The long stretches of his sedate verse are enlivened by the pipings of birds, are sweet with the scent of meadows. He is not an easy writer to quote, for his isolated lines are not at all remarkable. His total effect is of a rural wholesomeness adorned by the elegance of literary culture. While this new edition is unlikely to revive any great enthusiasm, it will not prove to have been published in vain. There must always be a place, however small, for so quaint and clean and blithe a poet.

Into a tiny volume that is ravishing to the eye in typography and paper, Mr. Andrew Lang has collected "The Lyrics and Ballads of Sir Walter Scott" (Charles Scribner's Sons), providing them with an appreciative introduction, and adding such notes to this song and that as make many of their allusions plainer than they ever were before. This is a book which it is possible to praise without stint, though Mr. Lang is careful "not to go too far beyond the estimate of them (the poems) in which they were held by their author." Could Scott have seen some such collection as this, selected by a judicious hand from his scattered performances, he might have realized how excessively modest he was. Here, within moderate compass, is his best—and what a superlative degree Scott's best is! Love, romance, hard blows and a background of glorious country; men and women whose carriage and features were those of a strong and noble race; his songs are running over with the music to which they touched his pen, and the pure Scottish wind shouts or sighs through the lines with an indescribable reality. Scott, in a lyric like the "Coronach" from "The Lady of the Lake"; in a song like that on Brignall Banks, from "Rokeby"; in such a turbulent, trumpet-like poem as "Bonny Dundee"; in works like these and others that crowd upon one's recollection, is simply one of the imperishable singers. Mr. Lang has written much on his favorite novelist, but never more admirably than when he called him, in the introduction to this volume, "The Latest Minstrel, the last voice of the old world, akin to Homer." Scott's vigor is as unalloyed as the air of his own hills and moors.

When Mr. W. M. Rossetti published the collected works of his brother, in 1887, he expressly stated that the sonnet in "The House of Life" which had provoked a criticism long since grown notorious, had been excluded in deference to Dante Rossetti's own decision. The latter had himself withdrawn the poem from an edition published subsequent to that of 1870, and, in Mr. William Rossetti's words, "he moulded" the famous sonnet-sequence "into a complete whole without it." This was as definite an abandonment of the poem in question as could be accomplished. But Dante Rossetti counted without his latter-day editors, who plainly deem themselves more familiar with his secret intentions than he was himself. In an edition of "The House of Life," embellished with decorations which are graceful in themselves, but would better have been omitted, since they destroy the typographical comeliness of the page, Messrs. Copeland & Day reprint the first edition. They prefix a note characterized by a sublime impertinence which is best shown in an extract. "The deplorable circumstance is well known," they say, "which led to the too sensitive withdrawal of one of the sequence and to the revision of others: a mistaken sacrifice of beauty to a mistakenly imposed ideal. The makers of this edition revert by choice to the poet's original plan of work. As 'The House of Life' stood in Rossetti's mind, so it stands, once again, in its innocence and perfection." The audacity of this deliverance is only equalled by its silliness. "Innocence and perfection" forsooth! Affectation could no further go. Miss Christina Rossetti has fared better than her brother in the new editions of some of her poems, which have been made by Macmillan & Co. Her delightful "Goblin Market" has been put into a narrow, thin, decorative volume, with many illustrations by Mr. Laurence Housman that are original and artistic as drawings and flawless as pictorial interpretations of the text. Miss Rossetti's collection of nursery rhymes called "Sing Song" reappears in handsome binding and with some additions. It is a small treasury of pretty, crooning things that, without being of much moment as poetry, have an actual poetic color in them.

The list of minor anthologies among current publications is headed by Mr. Gleeson White's "Book-Song" (A. C. Armstrong), for which modern authors have been drawn upon with equal enthusiasm and discretion. Dalliance with the bookish muse has resulted in numbers of neatly fashioned stanzas among the younger poets of England and America. They have facility and humor, they are all known to Mr. White, and he has made from their books, with some quotations from more experienced poets like Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Dobson, an amusing collection. "A Symphony of the Spirit" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a compilation in which Mr. George S. Merriam has sought to harmonize some of the more contemplative poems of various modern poets—Arnold and Tennyson, Browning and Keats. It is a poor anthology for general use; but in some places the personal preferences will doubtless be approved, and readers will appreciate the thread of inner meaning by which, in Mr. Merriam's opinion, the poems are joined to each other. Mr. William L. Stone's "Burgoyne Ballads" (Joel Munsell's Sons) brings together a vast amount of rhymed narrative which the student of Revolutionary history will find useful and entertaining. Indians, soldiers and pioneers are the figures which move through the book, and the pages of the latter are dotted with names familiar in American history. It is, in its way, an interesting and valuable book, although its rhymes have few traces of poetic inspiration. A collection of verses under the title of "Later Canadian Poems" (The Copp, Clark Company) does not contain much material above the level of Mr. Gifted Hopkins's productions. We except some of the lines contributed by that true (if unequal) poet, Charles Roberts; with the little tinklings, the ambitious pumpings, the meditative breathings of most of his companions we can easily dispense. We would be just, and may admit, therefore, that the little book speaks of sincere feeling and of honest effort. But all that does not mean Immortal Poetry. Does the reader choose to take in farewell a bit of minor verse that deserves to live although it does recall one of Tennyson's famous lyrics? Here, then, is Mr. Roberts's "Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea":

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
  And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
  My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
  Endure the darkening year—
And in my heart endure
  A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
  That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the kiss
  That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
  And surf along the shore—
And in my heart the face
  That I shall see no more.

MR. VIZETELLY'S MEMORIES.

From Black and White.

Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who died on Sunday last, in his eighty-eighth year, was a gentleman who lived much among journalists, littérateurs and artists, and was of their number, without ever taking a very prominent position in the artistic, the literary or the newspaper world. He will be remembered, probably, by his last work, "Glances Back through Seventy Years," more than by all else that he has done. Mr. Vizetelly was brought into social contact with almost all the men in arts and letters that we are never tired of hearing of. He had a glimpse of "Elia" in 1832, a little old man walking near the Fleet-st. corner of Chancery Lane, and he had something new to tell us of Thackeray. Thackeray's attitude toward Dickens was not so envious as some of the baser sort have suggested. He flung down the number containing the death of Little Dombey excitedly, exclaiming, "There's no writing against this; one has not an atom of chance. It's stupendous." When he said this "Vanity Fair" was in course of publication.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lowell's unpublished lecture on "The Imagination" is to be brought out in the next number of "The Century."

The large paper edition of the late Sir Richard Burton's verse translations of the Carmina of Catullus is almost ready for publication. A copy costs $30.

Mr. F. Opper has made some wildly funny illustrations for the forthcoming fantastic book, "Bill Nye's History of the United States." The material of this work is new and original, never having appeared in print. The same may be said of most of its facts and opinions.

Mr. Nye, we are told in "Lippincott's," goes back to the days of Columbus. The great man is one morning summoned before Queen Isabella, "who 'had some discovering to be done,' and he goes forth without breakfast, 'for he had almost overcome the habit of eating.' He reverses his cuffs, and 'carries a small globe wrapped up in a newspaper.' His Majesty Ferdinand is called in, when the question of money is mentioned, but he is not encouraging. He speaks sadly of the public surplus, and refers to one hundred dollars still due on his own salary, while he mourns that 'the palace has not been painted for eight years.' In a fine panegyric on the Spanish Queen, who ultimately secures funds for the discoverer, the historian bursts forth in this eloquent strain: 'A man would have said that there would be no sense in discovering a place that was not popular. Why discover a place when it is so far out of the way? Why discover a country with no improvements? Why discover a country that is so far from a railroad? Why discover, at great expense, an entirely new country?' But Isabella 'seen her duty and she done it.' The voyage is described in a like faithful manner up to the morning of the cry of 'Land ho!' 'A saloon was at once started, and the first step thus taken toward the foundation of a republic.' Mr. Nye is devoted, like many modern historians, to the 'philosophy of history,' hence he frequently delays his narrative to moralize its tale. 'From that one little timid saloon, with its family entrance,' he ruminates, 'has sprung the magnificent and majestic machine which, lubricated with spoils and driven by wind, gives to every American to-day the right to live under a government selected for him by men who make that their business.'"

In some recent reminiscences of Walter Scott, published by a venerable Scotch lady, is a pathetic glimpse of the novelist in the days immediately succeeding his realization of his financial ruin. The father of the little eight-year-old girl who is now the old lady of the reminiscences was one of Scott's closest friends; and to this friend's house he came one afternoon for solace and rest.

It so happened that we were entertaining guests that day, and Sir Walter naturally did not feel equal to meeting any ordinary acquaintance at a time when he was suffering so much from anxiety and depression of spirits. My mother therefore installed him comfortably in a room where he would be quite undisturbed, regretting that both she and my father were obliged to leave him for an hour or two in order to attend to their visitors. She noticed that he was looking with his usual kind smile toward her youngest child, who had followed her into the room, and thinking that he might welcome any interruption to his own sad thoughts, she said to him, "Shall I leave my little F—— with you? perhaps she may amuse you till we can come back."

"Yes, do, by all means," he said; "I shall be glad to have her."

She went out leaving me alone with him. I seem to see him now, seated in an easy-chair near the fire, with his back to the light and his kind face in shadow as he turned it toward me.

"Come here, my dear, and sit on my knee," he said. He lifted me up and put his arm round me, and I leaned against his breast, thinking how happy I was to be all alone with him, for I loved him much.

"Now, my dear little girl," he said, "I know you like me to tell you stories, but do you know I have not got a single story in my head to-day; so we will make a complete change for once, and you shall tell me a story, which I will listen to, instead of talking this time."

I made no difficulty whatever about doing as he desired, for I entered upon authorship at a very early age, and wrote a novel in large text in an old account-book, which drew shouts of laughter from my elder brothers when they chanced to see it. I therefore began at once with the coolest effrontery to give the great writer the benefit of my fanciful ideas, and invented then and there a long romance about giants, and fairies, and water kelpies—supernatural phantasms of that description being at all times the objects of my special predilection.

Sir Walter listened with the utmost good humor, and I think with some amusement, as he laughed out heartily every now and then; and when my mother came at last to relieve him from my society he lifted me down to the floor with a kind embrace, saying:

"Well, Mrs. S——, your little girl has undoubtedly got plenty of imagination, at all events."

With all Sir Walter's remarkable geniality and playfulness when among children, this old lady adds, he was tenacious of his dignity in some respects, and especially in regard to his own Christian name, which had come to him through a long line of ancestors and was greatly prized by him. "He was much in the habit of giving fanciful names to us children. One of my sisters, whose little fair head was adorned with many ringlets, he always called Curlinda; and some of us in a spirit of imitation, ventured once to speak of him as Sir Wattie. We were most promptly checked by our mother, who said that nothing would annoy our kind friend more than to have his beautiful name altered in any way, and that we must never venture to take such a liberty again; nor did we from that day forward."

A Bayard Taylor Memorial Library is to be established at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, the poet's early home. An association has been formed to raise funds for the purpose, and application has been made for a charter.

Some satirical instructions for the writing of essays have been communicated to budding genius by "The Pall Mall Gazette." They end thus: "So long as you do not begin with a definition you may begin anyhow. An abrupt beginning is much admired after the fashion of the clown's entry through the chemist's window. Then whack at your reader at once, hit him over the head with the sausages, brisk him up with the poker, bundle him into the wheelbarrow, and so carry him away with you before he knows where you are. You can do what you like with a reader then, if you only keep him nicely on the move. So long as you are happy, your reader will be so too. But one law must be observed: an essay, like a dog that wishes to please, must have a lively tail; short, but as waggish as possible. Like a rocket, an essay goes only with fizzle and sparks at the end of it. And know that to stop writing is the secret of writing an essay; the essay that the public loves dies young."

Boston has gone the whole length of the latest spasm in literary hysteria and a firm of publishers which is devoting itself to "high art" in bookmaking announces the following amazing work: "The Decadent; Being the Gospel of Inaction, Wherein Are Set Forth in Romance Form Certain Reflections Touching the Curious Characteristics of these Ultimate Years." Whew!

Mr. Kipling should take a little journey to India in search of a dose of inspiration. His short story in "McClure's Magazine," while it would be creditable to the ordinary sketch writer, is not worthy of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." Even the style is disappointing.

The exploitation of "native types" which is one of the features of recent periodical literature ought to bear good fruit in the future. Such a portrait as Octave Thanet has drawn of "The Farmer of the North" in the March "Scribner" seems to fall at once into the gallery which the authors of the present century are providing for the historians of the next. Yet it is possible that this deliberate analysis of a type, simply as a type, may be carried too far. The lines are apt to be drawn with a little too much art, with a little too much self-consciousness. If a writer tries very hard to present a type he is very apt to present, paradoxical as it may seem, more of a type than a man. That is to say, the figure will sometimes possess more of the characteristics of a class than of an individual. All great art aims at preserving typical traits in a character, but if these traits are insisted upon too strenuously, the man loses his vitality and becomes a lay figure for the display of the author's own information. A peasant of Tolstoi's, a gentleman of Thackeray's, a student of Hugo's, a soldier of Dumas's, and so on through all the ranks of fiction, is typical; but he is studied for his own sake most of all, and it is this which gives him the reality on which historians as well as novel readers depend. A scheme like Octave Thanet's, who proposes to follow the paper in the current "Scribner" with others on similar lines, is valuable if it does not become a catalogue. If it does its use is bound to end soon.

Of Henry Kingsley, brother of Charles, and author of "Ravenshoe," Mr. Jeaffreson says in his "Recollections," "that he was painfully sensitive of his extreme plainness appeared from the frequency with which he called attention to it. When he asked me at the outset of our acquaintance whether I did not think him the ugliest man in Oxford, I could not reply in the negative, though in my desire to soothe his troubled vanity I encouraged him to hope that next term a plainer undergraduate would come into residence. Later in his academic career, truth was in no degree outraged by the young lady who, with droll naiveté, replied, 'There was no need for you to say so,' when at the moment of his introduction to her he proclaimed himself the ugliest man of all Oxford. But, notwithstanding his obtrusive ugliness, his countenance was not repulsive. On the contrary, the comical unsightliness of his grotesque visage disposed people to like him. The proverbial five minutes were all the time he needed for putting himself on equality with any personable youngster in a woman's regard."